

feeling faded very little as his thinking snapped clearer.

"You went away, didn't you?" his Dad said, his tall forehead giving off light.

"Yeh, but I already got in trouble for it." Billy pointed to Jenny, who smiled.

Not quite as pretty as Jenny, his Mom folded her arms and stepped to his pillow-side. "No more of that, okay?" she said.

He nodded, turned on his side to face them all, and felt great relief that he had gotten back from the second going away. For now, that trip was too much.

End

WHEN I AM GONE

Nathan Harter

When in the breeze of autumn's sleepless evening
 You listen for the sound of something gone,
The whistling echo of a spirit winging
 Shall haunt you 'till the break of day and on.
Remember then the soft and subtle breathing,
 The sighs from long-sequestered passions drawn;
Recall the voice, the laughing and the singing;
 Remember me in vanguards of the dawn.

Then weep for what is past, for ghosts unswept,
 And catch the fleeting flourish of my wings,
 For I shall be as one dead—mourned at best
Though by the winds of destiny unswept.
 Who cares what faith in resurrection brings.
 If I could die forever at your breast?